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The Principal

First Principles in Religion, Morals, Government, and the Economy of Life.

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WHOLE NO. 167.

THE FAST WHICH GOD HAD CHOSEN.

Text.—It is not this fast that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, is to undo the heavy burden, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke.—Isa. 58, 6.

As deep down in the hidden recesses and depths of the earth lie buried those seeds and germs of vegetable life, for long centuries, which are, from time to time, lifted up into the light and heat of the sun, and are thrown up into the vivifying air, by the excavations, may be, of the minor, or by the upheaving forces and convulsions of earthquakes produced by volcanic action; so, in the deep treasures of wisdom and knowledge in the Word of God, for successive generations, lie those seeds of ideas and germs of thought, which the deliverer after truth throws up into the intellectual light of reflection, and into the moral heat of reason; or which are uplifted into the spiritual atmosphere of man's intellect and affections, by those social, civil and religious convulsions which, at long intervals of time, break up and overturn the crusts of corrupt institutions and cause to tremble to their very centers those rounded and full-orbed systems of human governments, which, when created, were "very good," but which have been perverted to pander to the passion, pride and power of unprincipled and designing men.

And, as those seeds of vegetable life, when brought up into the conditions of growth and development, show signs of life, and evince a vital force hitherto latent, so these thought seeds,—these germs of ideas—when brought up into the general rays of reason and into the light of intelligence, develop a life and intellectual power and moral force heretofore altogether unknown.

This is preeminently true of the text which contains the theme of the present discourse. Godliness this text evinces, and is addressed to the minds of the ancients, in the days of Isaiah; but recent and present events have raised it up into the conditions of an intense life and a more pervading power than ever before animated it, in the whole history of humanity.

"The design of this whole chapter is," says Rev. Albert Barnes, "to reprove the Jews for vain dependence on the observance of the outward forms of worship."

The nation is represented as diligent in the performance of the external rites of their religion and as expecting to avert the divine judgments by the performance of those rites.

They are represented as filled with amazement that though they were diligent and faithful in the mere forms of religion, they had no tokens of the divine favor, but were left as if forsaken of God. The reasons for this are given, and directions are given for securing the divine approbation. "They seek me daily and delight to know my ways, as a nation that did righteousness, and foresaw not the ordinances of their God." They ask of me the ordinances of justice; they take delight in approaching to God."

But they are disappointed and chagrined because they find no favor from God, for all their former services, and ask, in astonishment, wherefore have we fasted and thou seest not? Wherefore have we afflicted our souls and thou takest no knowledge? Then follows the reason for their disappointment. This is it: Behold in the day of your fast ye find pleasure and exact all your labors. Behold ye fast for strife and debate and to smite with the fist of wickedness. Is it such a fast that I have chosen?—a day for a man to afflict his soul?—is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth under him?"

"With thou call this a fast?—an acceptable day to the Lord? Whereupon follows the text defining a fast which pleases God, and such as will secure his favor."

Thus saith the Lord, "Is not this the fast that I have chosen?—to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burden, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"

How opportune this text! How impressive and forcible even! It was clothed with power and authority to the Jews, coming as it did directly from God to them, it is clothed upon and all surrounded with a much more mighty power, and pervaded with a much more momentous meaning to us, as a nation, today—than a power peculiar and accumulated by the circumstances of civil war, sent as just judgment of God for our national sin of slavery; and a meaning multiplied a thousand fold and more, by the concentrated influences of our times, which conspires to infuse into these words a spirit and a life, all throbbing and thrilling, through and through, with pulsating power and most momentous meaning.

In commenting upon this text, Mr. Barnes makes the following practical and exegetical remarks.

"Fasting is right and proper, but that kind of fasting which God approved, will prompt to, and will be followed by, deeds of justice, kindness and charity. The instruction to the Jews was, that the first thing to be done, in order that fasting might be acceptable to the Lord, was to loose the bands of wickedness." The idea is that, they were to dissolve every tie which unjustly bound their fellow men. If they were exercising any unjust and cruel authority over others—if they had bound them, in any way contrary to the laws of God and the interests of justice, they were to release them.

It would not require a very ardent imagination for any one to see that if he held slaves at all, that this came fairly under the description of the prophet, in this specification. A man who held slaves (if such a thing is supposable) would be very likely to think that this part of the injunction applied to himself.

The next specification of the text is "To undo the heavy burden." The Hebrew for this clause means, literally, "Loose the bands of the yoke"—a figure taken from the yoke which was borne by oxen, and which seemed to have been attached to the neck by cords or bands. The "yoke" in Scripture is usually regarded as the emblem of oppression, or compulsory toil, and is undoubtedly so used here. The same term is here used to denote burden as is rendered in the subsequent member by the term yoke, and the word which is here rendered "undo" is elsewhere employed to denote "emancipation from servitude." The phrase here employed would properly denote the release of captives or slaves, and would doubtless be so understood by those whom the prophet addressed.

The third specification of the text is, "To let the oppressed go free." The term here rendered "oppressed" may be applied to those who are treated with violence, in any way, or who are broken down with hard usage. The hardships and crushing burdens of slavery would be removed if this injunction were obeyed. The term, here, may refer to slaves, who are oppressed both by bondage and toil. And indeed, the use of the phrase, "go free," seems to limit its application, in this place, to those who were held in bondage. "If slavery," and especially if so oppressive a system as AMERICAN slavery, existed at the time here referred to, this word would be understood as appropriately including that: at least the slaves themselves would understand it so, for if any institution deserved to be called "oppressive" it is that of slavery; and particularly AMERICAN slavery: "the vilest that ever saw the sun!"

This interpretation of the text would be confirmed by the use of the word rendered "go free," for that word evidently refers to the act of freeing a slave. It is freely and frequently used in the generally, so used through the Old Testament Scriptures.

Usage, therefore, establishes the fact that the word properly refers to deliverance from servitude. It would be understood by a Hebrew as referring to that of course, unless there was something in the connection which made it necessary to adopt a different interpretation.

In the case before us, such an interpretation would be obvious, and it is difficult to see how a free could understand it in any other way than that (like was an owner of slaves) he should set them at liberty at once.

The fourth and final specification of the text, is this: "That ye break every yoke!"

This is even more sweeping and universal in its unconditional and unlimited demands, if possible, than any of the preceding.

The Prophet (as the viceregent of the great Jehovah) here demands that, in order for a fast acceptable to a holy and heart searching God, everything which could figuratively be called a "yoke" should be broken. How could this command be complied with by a Hebrew if he continued to hold his fellow men in bondage, and consented to or suffered their being held in bondage? Impossible! How can an individual or a nation, today, so long as the individual or the nation holds slaves or consents to their being so held, while it is a thing possible to secure their freedom? Would not a fair and faithful application and practical obedience to this command secure the unconditional emancipation of every slave in the so-called United States? Most certainly! For as has been said, the term "yoke" in Scripture is the symbol of oppression. The text then demands that all, of every color, be restored immediately to a holy and equal rights and that all in our nation be protected, by the civil and military power of the government, in the inalienable rights: "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" in order to keep an acceptable fast as a Nation.

This text plainly imposes on the nation as a duty, to-day! I say to-day because it is a day appointed by the Chief Executive of the Nation, to be observed as a National Fast-Day.

Now I most heartily approve of the appointment of this solemn fast-day, but I as heartily believe that the circumstances of the nation, today, conspire to add emphasis to the text, and urge the duty which it imposes upon the President, with peculiar appropriateness and power. Upon him, finally, is the responsibility of this solemn season of national form of fasting. Upon him also ultimately rests the responsibility of making it "such a fast" as the Lord has chosen. He has designated and set apart this day "as a day of national humiliation, fasting and prayer." Now God meets the President with his proclamation in hand, and by His Word, and providences in the nation, issues his Divine Proclamation in tones louder than ten thousand thunders, to both President and people: "Is not this the fast that I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burden, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"

As I understand the indications of Divine Providence, and the instructions of the Divine Word, and because and only because I understand them as I do, I am altogether persuaded that it is the duty of Abraham Lincoln, as President of the once United States, and as the Chief Executive of the Nation, to proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof, at once. I believe it to be the right and duty of the President to proclaim a fast, not only, but to proclaim "such a fast" as the Lord, who "presides over the destinies of nations," has chosen, and say, in his executive authority, as "Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy" of the United States: "Let loose the bands of wickedness; undo the heavy burden; let the oppressed go free, and break ye every yoke!" I argue that this is his duty, and urge as a motive for its performance:

The fact that such a measure would be constitutional.

It would not be constitutional for him in his civil capacity, to adopt such a measure, but it is so in his military capacity. According to the Constitution, the President fills both a civil and military office, in his Executive capacity. By the Constitution, the President of the United States is constituted the "Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy." Consequently he holds the highest military, as well as civil, position in the nation. According to universal usage, then, by virtue of his constitutional jurisdiction, he has, in time of war, the right, as a military chief, to proclaim martial law in every disloyal, invaded, or exposed State, Territory, or District within the jurisdiction of the Government of the United States, if the exigencies of war seem to him to demand it. The question of proclaiming freedom to all the slaves in the nation, rests solely with his military discretion, and he is, by his oath of office, bound to act in the case, as the exigencies of the war seem to demand. The letter and spirit of the Constitution, touching this point, together with the testimony of no less a statesman and Christian patriot than John Quincy Adams, and the precedent of no less a military general than John C. Fremont, combine to render the proof as positive as possible, that the President has the utmost discretionary power under the Constitution, to set at liberty every slave in the nation, in the twinkling of an eye.

After long deliberation, mature reflection, and very thorough investigation, that devoted patriot and profound statesman, Mr. Adams, in the ripe years of his richest wisdom and experience, said on the floor of the United States House of Representatives, twenty-one years ago this present month (April): "I lay this down as the law of nations, that, 'under a state of actual war, whether servile, civil, or foreign, military

authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and slavery among the rest; and that, under that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, not only the President of the United States, but the Commander of the Army has the power to order the UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION of the slaves." It is properly a war-power of the President, in his military capacity, as the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. General Fremont, in his famous, noble, and heroic proclamation of emancipation of the slaves, within the limits of his command, kept strictly within the bounds of his constitutional jurisdiction. And now the President's own Proclamation of emancipation, in a part or parts of the nation, confirms the constitutionality of General Fremont's and Hunter's emancipation proclamations, and virtually establishes or implies the constitutionality of a proclamation from him for Universal Emancipation. By what principle can it be constitutional to emancipate the slaves in certain counties of Louisiana, and not in all? By what rule of right can it be constitutional to proclaim that the slaves in Texas "shall be forever free," and not those in Tennessee? that some shall be free, and that some shall not be free forever? Mark the language of the pre-eminent patriot already quoted—Mr. Adams' words are: "The Universal Emancipation of the slaves." And in another place he says this war-power of the President is sufficiently comprehensive to "sweep the institution" (of slavery) into the Gulf." And the language of the text is: "That ye break every yoke." The Lord is praised! His Word, His honored and servant on high, and the glorious Old Constitution of our common country, all agree and proclaim with their three-fold voices, in harmony, in our hearing, to-day. "Is not this the fast which I have chosen, to loose the bands of wickedness; to undo the heavy burden, and to let the oppressed go free; and that ye break every yoke?" "Emancipate us, the slaves!" "Order the universal emancipation of the slaves!" "Sweep the institution into the Gulf!" Hear, Oh President, on this solemn Fast-day, which, by your "Proclamation, designate and set apart," the word of the Lord to you: "Is not this the fast which I have chosen, to loose the heavy burden, and to let the oppressed go free?" Give ear, oh people, in solemn assembly this day, to the word of the Lord to you: Is not this the fast which I have chosen, to break every yoke?" Let the President hear and obey; yea, and let all the people say Amen! and Amen!

"THE WAR."
The *Princeton Review* reviewed.
—In the light of its own theology and ethics.
NUMBER FORGETTEN.
Political ethics of the Review.
We proceed to show, in the next place, what it is that the *Princeton Review* regards as the GREAT TEMPTATION AND DANGER.

To which our beloved country is now exposed. We commence this extract precisely at the point where our last extract closed.

"If men hate and disapprove of any thing, they seldom are scrupulous as to the means of getting rid of it. The plains and hills of every European nation are red with the blood shed in obedience to this spirit. The end sanctifies the means, is the motto of fanaticism as well as of Jesuitism. Christianity was hateful to the heathen. Protestantism was hateful to the Papists, and therefore all means, rapine and murder included, were justified in their eyes for their suppression. In like manner slavery is hateful to the men of this generation, and therefore they are prone to make its extinction the great end of the war. We have, however, in the right of God no more right to do this, than we have to make war for the suppression of false religion, or despotism, or any other great evil which prevails in the world."

Well, this is a very remarkable temptation—a most unprecedented danger, assuredly.

We have in this country four millions of native born American inhabitants, subjects of our National Government, (citizens of the United States, according to Mr. Jefferson,) yet held as mere goods and chattels personal, bought and sold as brute beasts. Our great national temptation and danger is that, under the peculiar circumstances and tendencies of the times, we shall extend to them the protection of equal and just laws, of which benefits they have, thus far, been unjustly and cruelly deprived—the protection of the government to which their paramount allegiance is due, that is, unless indeed the State authorities are paramount to the National.

"The system of slavery" by which they are held "is a great moral evil"—"a burden and curse to the whole nation—a great source of power to those in arms against the nation." So says the *Review* itself, yet according to the same high authority, our great danger is that we shall yield to the temptation of ceasing to protect this "great moral evil" but shall suppress it, that we shall rid ourselves of this "curse," that we shall throw off this "burden," that we shall crush this "great source of power to the rebels." Yet, says the *Review*.

"We do not say that the emancipation of slaves may not be a legitimate object of the war. But the difference between blowing up a house as a means of arresting a burglar, and getting up a conflagration for the sake of blowing up a house." P. 152.

Thus putting "a house" and "a great moral evil" in the same category, as things not to be destroyed, except in cases of urgent necessity.

Men "hate and disapprove" of stealing babies from their cradles, and wives from their husbands' bosoms, and virgin daughters for the seraglio. Such things are unfortunately, "hateful to the men of this generation, and they are therefore prone to make" the "extirpation" of the "system of moral evil"—"the great end of the war." The plains and hills of every European nation are red with the blood shed in obedience to this spirit of protecting outraged innocence. It is the fanaticism of Jesuitism. It is doing evil that good may come. It goes on the principle that "the end sanctifies the means." It is equally atrocious with the "rapine, murder included" with which the heathen persecuted the Christians, and the Papists the Protestants. Thus reasons the *Review*, making the suppression of slavery, for its own sake, equivalent to the suppression of Protestantism and Christianity.

God says to every nation, to every civil government, "Execute judgment."—Deliver the spoiled! "Break every yoke." But says the *Princeton Review*, "we have no more right to do this than we have to make war, for the suppression of false religion" &c., &c.—thus teaching that

we wage the battle as to triumph. They have the reins of government but only half the people, a power far too weak. Never could the Democrats on party principles, succeed. . . . There must be union; and to have union we must adopt broad, noble, national principles."

If this is not "estimating public measures by the rule of expediency, to the disregard and neglect of the law of God," by whom in "Europe and America," has the doctrine ever been taught, or the policy advocated?

True, indeed, the *Review* first affirms the measure he condemns to be "morally wrong," and then proceeds to argue that it is expedient. On what ground the moral wrong is affirmed, has already been seen.

"States," says the *Review*, "must be guided first by the law of God, and next by a regard to the convictions, feelings, and interests of the people." But what if it be manifest that the convictions, feelings, and supposed interests of the people, are at variance with the law of God? What course must the Government then take?

The *Review*, it would seem, anticipated this contingency, and proceeds to answer the inquiry growing out of it. Let us look at it.

"The men who control the policy (of States) may have their own private opinions, as to what would be right and wise" (in accordance with the divine law) but they are, on statements, not for the people, and give effect to their well ascertained desires. It is the public, and not the private conscience and judgment that are to govern the country.

POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY ANNULLING DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY.

The meaning of this cannot be mistaken. It is plainly this. When the civil ruler ascertains that the people, or a controlling majority of them desire a course of policy which, according to his own convictions and principles, is not in accordance with the divine law, he must yield up his own convictions and principles to theirs, and become their agent and instrument, with his official authority, to "give effect to their well ascertained desires." The conscience of the public, not his own conscience, their wishes, not his own convictions, must be the rule of his official conduct. As a man and as a Christian, he may loathe and abhor the policy thus marked out for him. As a statesman, he must "carry it into effect," nevertheless. The desires of the people instead of that which he believes to be the law of God, must control his official action.

In theory, the "law of God" is admitted to be "first"—but in practice, the "desires of the people" must control the policy of the State.

We have often encountered the dogma that the people must obey their rulers, whether in doing it they violate the commandments of God or not—that they must thus obey "the powers that be," whether a terror to good works or to the evil, on pain of receiving to themselves damnation." The enforcement of the Fugitive Slave bill, in direct violation of the living prohibition, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master, the servant that hath escaped from his master unto thee"—has been urged, from many a professed orthodox pulpit, and from many a worldly renaissance, that we have ever heard of from the *Billion Repository* and *Princeton Review*. But now, when the *Review* is considering the contingency of a "private conscience" and "conviction" in the bosoms of the "men who control the policy" of the nation, for the time being, it is at once discovered, that it is the conscience, not all the powers that be—but of their subjects, (who had been exhorted to be entirely passive and abject) "that are to govern the country."

The friends of freedom and free institutions may be surprised, if not clated, by an advocacy of popular supremacy from so unexpected a quarter.

Their surprise and clation should not be excessive, nor will it be, if they remember two things: first, that this flattery of the populace is volunteered in the interest of the grimmest despotism, the heaviest oppression with which the nations and peoples of earth have ever been cursed, and comes from a writer who fears that the hatred of it will be so intense that it will be successfully and fanatically suppressed: Second, that the supremacy of the people thus advocated, is their supremacy, not over human despotism, but over the august and common Father of all men. It is not the Democracy of Christianity, but the Democracy of Atheism and Infidelity that is advocated by the *Princeton Review*.

The sovereignty of God was once a favorite doctrine with the Princeton theologians. But the *Review* displaces it by the sovereignty of the people.

When the infidels of the first French Revolution madly cried out, "No monarch on earth, no monarch in heaven"—all Christendom stood aghast. The civilized world shrunk back in disgust. The religious sensibilities of mankind were too rudely shocked; the impiety was too undisguised to be welcomed. To a later period, a more cautious management was committed the experiment of reaching the same moral result without open insult to religion. We are now permitted to believe that there is a monarch in heaven, and that, first of all, his law is to be recognized. But when the "ascertained wishes of the people" are set up in direct opposition to the law of God, and the people, and let the law of God slide, yet maintaining the advantages of his orthodox Christian profession. Who can doubt that, when the tragedy of Atheism in France, the Arch Deceiver has improved, in his arts of deception.

TRUE AND FALSE DEMOCRACY.

Be it known, then, that the true Democracy subordinates its sovereignty of the people to the absolute sovereignty of God and fashions the form upon the latter, claiming the right to obey God, rather than men;—while the sham Democracy of pro-slavery in America asserts a sovereignty of the people that attempts to de throne God. With the true democracy, the chattering of human beings created in God's image, is the climax and culmination of crime. With the sham Democracy, the slave power is the recognized supreme power of the universe. In the State, the slaveholder's right to infringe the people takes the name of "State Rights." In the Nation, the same Slave Power, under the same name of "State Rights," assumes and exercises the prerogative of controlling the Nation and its Government, forbidding it to protect its own native subjects, its own loyal citizens. For these ends, it constrains the Constitution and the Scriptures. When the millions of its groaning victims, or of their humane and Christian advocates are suspected of unreasonableness, or beginning to utter words of entreaty or remonstrance, they are admonished, in the name of the God of our fathers, to be submissive to the powers that be!—meaning the officials tools of the Slave Power—on penalty of receiving to themselves damnation. But if the rulers, in their turn, begin to tremble, like Felix, under the preaching of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to all men,"

to come," then they, in turn, must be admonished that the policy of the nation is to be controlled, not by their "convictions" and "conscience," but by the "wishes of the people."

In other words, the people who incline to the abolition of slavery are hidden to be quiet and submit to their pro-slavery rulers, whose business it is—not theirs—to attend to such matters. The rulers who betray symptoms of issuing proclamations of emancipation to all in bondage, especially in the name of justice, are admonished that they must first "ascertain the wishes of the people" instead of consulting their own conscience, before they proceed further. And the people are encouraged to claim that it is their prerogative, not that of their legally constituted rulers, to determine the question.

[We are compelled to defer the remainder of this train of thought till our next number, when we intend, if possible, to close the discussion.]

THE NEGRO OF AMERICA.

His Political Sagacity.

From our London Correspondent.

"The negro has not answered the expectations formed of him."

In some he certainly has not. It was expected that on a Proclamation which was followed by no contradictory action, the negro was to break out into a more intelligent and excited condition than he had hitherto been in. The African has shown himself more capable of weighing the capacity of the statesman who has dealt with, than from his position, was thought probable.

Clearly, what was expected was that the colored people in the Southern States would make a wild raid, with no white direction and no white responsibility, out of which white duplicity, if so disposed, might adapt as much intelligence as it liked, and so play its contemptible game as long as God or man would tolerate.

For all this, the African has shown himself too intelligent to be so easily deceived. He has refused to allow his cause to be depressed by such constructions of the opponent. Whenever a sensible statesman sends a general, with a head on his shoulders, to press the rebel States, in the direction which leads best to the formation of a coalition army in his rear, under white officers, after the Rules and Regulations known to corporals in the British service, and according to the best military tactics in America—there will be no lack of white soldiers to fill the ranks, nor any failure of expectations which have reasonable ground to suppose. Fancy the most ardent negroes to serve, and where is he to serve—who will let him march with him to a place, where he may exert his zeal? For you must not scandalize military men either in Europe or America, by supposing them to mistake the motives of their friends, and to be deceived by a few leaders who are not to be trusted. The Northern States hired to follow the troops as laborers, and the rush of the five hundred thousand starved men, ready to pour into the ranks of the liberating Army so soon as they are sent direct by coherent sense and common integrity. These two qualities must be unmistakably displayed; and meanwhile, depend upon it, no mistakes will be made.

But light is breaking out in darkness, whether men will or no. The proposal for making slaves of all workers, which was so lovingly received in England, is not destined to succeed. The South, where the women and children are so much so, is crumbling, is crumbling under its own weight. Cotton-planing men, who love cotton as well as anybody else, are finding out that it is cheaper to agree with their laborers, and to pay wages less than the expenditure, and cotton more than the ordinary crop, than to take the chances of a war for slavery, though with all its friends in England and the world to help. One leap in a ship from a harbor not so distant as the Atlantic, and a man can have a dozen shot-holes. Adam Smith, if he is within hail, will see the end of Slavery cultivation, though man has been long in growing up to his mark. The men in England who say that one great, one holy—the slavery of the workers of all kinds all the world over,—have had their day, and it is for us on the other side to see that good was made of the times of refreshing, when they came.

There is no playing a game where it is to be all hits and no misses for the adversary. The proposal to make slaves of the workers of all colors, was sent to England and received with a gasp and exultation. It is not over yet; but enough is seen to put us on believing that the whole will turn out a great mist. Do the Working Classes intend to use the money to be made by the day's work or two on the way that they should go?

T. PERKINS THOMPSON.
Elton Vale, Blackheath, London, 28 May, 1863.

FAITHLESS STATESMEN.

From the *Standard* [Eng.] Saturday.

It is a good sign, that the modest women in the Northern States,—and the infatigable majority are such,—have taken up the cause of the politically such,—and not the less for the indorsement of the English ministry. The English ministry, however, since the Arch-deceiver told her she should not surely die. Perhaps in England symptoms of the same feeling will by-and-by be evinced. It is not the least of the signs of the times in finding out, that they were not to take side with street-walkers, even though cruelly threatened with Bridewell for disorderly walking.

It is pretty plain now, that the President's Proclamation was meant for "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare;" or if it was not so designed of malice prepense, it was conducted so as to have the effect of a snare, to ensnare the supporters of the moving forces, the probable object was to break out into promiscuous and unceasing violence, and to make the colored people the victims of the war. The statement the world over saw, might just advantage. It is a heavy item in the reckoning which is fast ending in making republicanism at a disadvantage. The colored people are to be made to go along, with the people, and let the law of God slide, yet maintaining the advantages of his orthodox Christian profession. Who can doubt that, when the tragedy of Atheism in France, the Arch Deceiver has improved, in his arts of deception.

Be it known, then, that the true Democracy subordinates its sovereignty of the people to the absolute sovereignty of God and fashions the form upon the latter, claiming the right to obey God, rather than men;—while the sham Democracy of pro-slavery in America asserts a sovereignty of the people that attempts to de throne God. With the true democracy, the chattering of human beings created in God's image, is the climax and culmination of crime. With the sham Democracy, the slave power is the recognized supreme power of the universe. In the State, the slaveholder's right to infringe the people takes the name of "State Rights." In the Nation, the same Slave Power, under the same name of "State Rights," assumes and exercises the prerogative of controlling the Nation and its Government, forbidding it to protect its own native subjects, its own loyal citizens. For these ends, it constrains the Constitution and the Scriptures. When the millions of its groaning victims, or of their humane and Christian advocates are suspected of unreasonableness, or beginning to utter words of entreaty or remonstrance, they are admonished, in the name of the God of our fathers, to be submissive to the powers that be!—meaning the officials tools of the Slave Power—on penalty of receiving to themselves damnation. But if the rulers, in their turn, begin to tremble, like Felix, under the preaching of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to all men,"

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confirmed by public faith. And certainly, if it be possible, that a God would ever create one thing by the name of the living God, and to reserve in silence a contrary intent; the life of man, the hopes of men, the faith of subjects to kings, of servants to their masters, of husbands to their lords, of wives to their husbands; and of children to their parents, and of trials of trial, will not only be made uncertain, but all the chains whereby free-men are tied in the world, be torn asunder. It is by oath (when kings and armies cannot pass) that we enter into the cities of our enemies, and into their armies; as it is by oath that wars take their course, and that the world is ruled. And what is it, or ought it to be, that makes an oath so powerful, but this; that he that swears by the name of God, God assure others that his words are true, and that he is the best witness in the world, who he calls for a witness, and in whose presence he that takes the oath hath promised? I am not ignorant of their poor evasions, which play with the words of God's commandments in this kind; but this indeed is the best witness that breaks no oath that hath none to break. For whoever hath faith and the fear of God dares not do it."

The exhortation here will be, that the contract was with colored people; who have no rights which white are bound to respect. To which the answer is, that he who lies on such a pretext, shall be kicked out of society. T. PERKINS THOMPSON.

THE FOLLOWING EDITORIAL LEADER OF THE N. Y. TIMES, ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING THE QUARTER FROM WHICH IT COMES, MUST BE REGARDED A VERY SIGNIFICANT SIGN OF THE "TIMES."

NEGRO SOLDIERS—THE QUESTION SETTLED, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

We have from the outset avoided all discussion of the question of employing negro soldiers, because we have regarded it as a purely military question, which it was the province of the military authorities alone to settle. The political bearings of the question, and the expediency of its recognition, the efficiency of our armies has been our paramount concern; for on that alone depends the suppression of the rebellion, and to think that supporting the nation is ruined, and all politics are worthless.

The military inquiries to be determined were four: Whether the negroes were able and willing to fight as soldiers; whether their nature could be kept under such constraint that they would fight in accordance with the laws of civilized warfare? Whether the white soldiers would not become so much disaffected and demoralized by the sight of negroes in the ranks of the army, as to make it impossible to maintain discipline, or that any possible advantage that could be gained by it? And whether white soldiers could not of themselves speedily close the war?

These were the questions to be determined by military judgment and experience. Correspondents in the army have had a good deal to say upon the subject, and almost uniformly in favor of the black troops. That, however, could not weigh much, as they, after all, were only civilians. There have been official reports from certain officers testifying to the efficiency of the black soldiers in action; yet the trial was on so small a scale as to furnish satisfactory evidence. It is not a generalization on the subject. But at last we have an official report from Major-General Banks himself, which describes the part taken by the colored troops in the battle of Fort Hood. Those terrible nature tested the fighting qualities of all, white and black, to the utmost. Gen. Banks says:

"On the extreme right of our line I posted the First Rhode Island Regiment, composed of colored men, excepting the others, was also engaged in the operations of the day. The position occupied by the First Rhode Island was a very important one, and they were called for the utmost steadiness and bravery in those to whom it was assigned."

It gives no plausible report that they answered every expectation. In many respects they conducted themselves as heroes. No troops could be more determined or more daring. They made, during the day, three assaults upon the batteries of the enemy, suffering very heavy losses, and holding their position until the fall with the other troops on the right of our line. The highest commendation is bestowed upon them by all the officers in command of the army."

Whatever doubt may have existed heretofore as to the efficiency of organizations of this character, the military authorities are now enabled to settle the question in a manner that will satisfy those who were in condition to observe the conduct of the troops, that the Government will find in this class of troops effective supporters and defenders. The severe trial to which they were subjected, and the manner in which they encountered the enemy, leaves upon my mind no doubt of their ultimate success."

Every regiment, only good order, commands of limited numbers, and careful discipline, to make them excellent soldiers."

This is explicit. Whether the representations of the correspondents that one of the colored regiments lost its colors, and was scattered, and a number of six hundred, be an exaggeration or not, this official testimony settles the question that the negro race can fight with great prowess. Those who have been hitherto opposed to the employment of colored men, excepting the others, were also engaged in the operations of the day. They were called for the utmost steadiness and bravery in those to whom it was assigned."

As to the controllability of the black regiments so that they can be kept strictly to the limits of civilized warfare, Gen. Banks reports nothing specifically. They were kept under the same discipline as the white troops, and were treated as such. They were called for the utmost steadiness and bravery in those to whom it was assigned."

Neither is there any intimation that the cooperation of the colored troops would be a disadvantage. The fact that the white never did better fighting is proof positive of the contrary. It corroborates the previous representations of correspondents that the original prejudice against forming black regiments, and putting them upon unpractical service, had nearly or quite died out.

The remaining military inquiry, whether the negroes were able and willing to fight as soldiers, has been settled by the course of military events. The second Summer of the rebellion has come, and the strongest points of the Confederacy yet remain unyielding to the assaults of the Union army. Every one knows that, in a Southern climate, it is peculiarly fatal to Northern Constitutions. It is certain that, in the far South particularly, our soldiers who have been there for some time, are suffering from the effects of the climate, and are being worn out by the heat and the want of food. It is not only the heat, but the want of food, and the want of shelter, and the want of clothing, and the want of everything that a soldier needs, that is wearing them out. They are being worn out by the heat and the want of food, and the want of shelter, and the want of clothing, and the want of everything that a soldier needs, that is wearing them out. They are being worn out by the heat and the want of food, and the want of shelter, and the want of clothing, and the want of everything that a soldier needs, that is wearing them out.

Family Miscellany.

For The Principia.

OF BROTHERS.

BY S. D. BROOKLYN.

What can we, as wives and mothers, do, in this country's need? Daughters, sisters, for our brothers—Who for us? For freedom bleed—Who, to save our country's honor—neither death nor danger heed?

Who, through long and lonely watches, In the night air, chill and damp, During weary, tedious marches, "Double quick," or measured tramp—Plo'd on, through the dull routine of the duties of the camp—

Or, upon the field of battle, Mid the dying and the dead, When the bullets and bullets rattle, Thick as hailstones round the head—Laying many a noble comrade low upon a gory bed.

When by danger thus surrounded, In the camp or on the field, May they never be confounded—Never swerve, or basely yield—Ever pressing onward—upward—God will be their Strength and Shield!

When temptations, sore, beset them, Or assail them by the way, Never will their friends forget them, Never for them cease to pray, That God's angels ever hover round their pathway, lest they stray.

May our prayers to Heaven ascending, Like a cloud of incense pure, Blessed anthers, upward tending, For our absent ones secure, That whatever ill attend them, they may patiently endure.

May they feel as if enfolded, In an atmosphere of prayer, That their actions may be moulded, Even as if God were there, Omniscient, and Omnipotent—watching, guarding, everywhere.

Many have no praying mother, No kind sister, gentle, mild; Every soldier's own brother—Every drummer boy, a child! Pray, their virtue may be ever pure, unsullied, undefiled.

Living letters we can write them, Full of sympathy and cheer; Thus to home and friends unite them, Showing still we hold them dear, Love will make their burdens lighter, "Perfect Love" will cast out fear.

Send them books, and send them papers—Golden links from mind to mind, That by dim and flickering tapers, Precious mental food they find; Each to other soul responsive—spirit unto spirit bind.

Let us give them, when they leave us, Full assurance of our trust, Never forslowing evils, grievous, But, believe them true and just, Never will they yield to traitors—never let their bayonets rust.

Ever gallantly defending, Human law, and human right, Love to God and Freedom, blending—Wasting radiant, as they fight, With our glorious banner waving o'er them as a beacon light.

And may God protect and bless them—As they go to bless mankind—If we never more see them, Round their graves no chaplet bind, Yet, within the deepest recess of our hearts are they enshrined!

THE RAIN COVERT.

"Millions of tiny rainy drops Are falling all around, They're dancing on the house-tops, They're hiding in the ground.

They are fairy-like musicians With anything for keys, Beating times upon the windows, Keeping time upon the trees.

A light and airy treble They play upon the stream, And the melody enchants us, Like the music of a dream.

A deeper bass is sounding When they're dropping into caves, With a taut from the zephyrs, And an alto from the waves.

O, it is a dream of music, And robin "don't intrude," If, when the rain is weary, He drops an interlude.

It seems as if the warbling Of the birds in all the bowers Had been gathered into rain-drops And was coming down in showers."

—Well-Spring.

WHERE?

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Where does the snow go? So white on the ground? Under May's azure No flake can be found.

Look into the lily—Some beautiful hour, There blooms the snow In the heart of the flower.

Where does the love go, Sorrow and love, Sinking within us When friends part above?

Such sweet departing, Oh, call it not death! So bloom our souls In love's purified breath.

—Little Pilgrim.

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY ELIZABETH.

CHAPTER II.—CLOUDS.

"I don't suppose you know it," said James, bustling into his mother's room, one morning, and looking almost as if he had been stealing sheep, "but I'm going to be married next month."

"Married, my son!" she answered, in a tone that almost took him off his feet.

"Yes, I'm old enough, have plenty of money, and Kate is about as decent a girl as one will find in these parts."

She looked up at him. Sure enough—twenty-five years old—a farmer owner—tall and stout—why shouldn't he marry?

"How much like his father, then—only younger," she said to herself, so loud that Jim heard it.

"Don't keep talking about my father, dead and gone! It can't possibly do any good, now. What about the wedding?"

"Nothing, only to tell you when it is to be, that you may have the house all right, and something good to eat."

"Very well, my son," and with a heart full she added, "And may God bless you."

"Confound the blessing—I'm well enough without that!" and he went out.

She sat a moment, then quietly shut the door, and returning to the bedside, fell upon her knees.

Meeting Mary, an hour after, she said to her, quite cheerfully, "I have some news for you and Sue."

"What is it?"

"Brother is going to be married."

"Brother Jim?"

"Yes, and we've lots of work to do. Come here Sue!"

"Jim is going to be married. I heard what you said, and guessed it all, long ago."

"Why haven't you spoken of it, then?"

"Because—because—hesitating—I wanted to keep you happy as long as I could."

"Sue!"

"Mother, I know Kate Milburn; she is a thoroughly selfish girl. I don't care if her father is a Judge, and reported rich; we cannot be happy with her here."

"We must try, my daughter."

"Remember your promise," said Mary.

"I can't help it! I'm not as gentle as you, sister; as either of you. I must speak my mind out. Yet, if it has come to this, I'll bear my part; so mother, what is to be done?"

And in those upturned, large, grey eyes, one might have seen written the death-warrant of all her hopes.

Susan Mosier could hardly be called a pretty girl, yet to lightness of form, there was added a pleasing vivacity of manner that lent to her earnest face a charm.

She had been a delicate child, and now, at nineteen, looked scarcely like a farmer's daughter.

Mary, older by three years, was plainer even than she. Tall and somewhat angular in feature, more hesitating in manner, yet withal a girl of genuine worth; like her mother, patient, gentle, and good.

They had been all in all to each other, these three; now there was a new daughter coming, who would not be one of them. So Sue thought—she shall see how justly.

However, they all went to work with seeming good will, even singing as they went, to drive the "blues" away.

There was the house to be cleaned, stores to be laid by for winter, shirts to be made for Jim, a room fitted up for the bride, besides the daily routine of duties, and the "thousand and one" odd jobs that fall to the lot of every farmer's wife, wearing her life out before the time.

"What can detain them so?" said the mother, on the eventual wedding-day—for eventual it surely is—as for the twentieth time she went to the window and looked out.

It was a dreary day in October. The fallen leaves were hurrying to and fro, and the sky seemed to portend a storm; but inside, the tea-kettle was singing merrily, and the outspread table, loaded with good things, looked very inviting.

"Here they come," said Susan, springing up, but instantly she became fixed as a statue.

"Welcome, my daughter," she heard her mother say, at the door, and then Mary's words of sisterly greeting reached her ear—still she stood.

"As I live, Sue won't speak to me," said the bride, turning towards her.

Recalling herself, she clasped the extended hand, and kissed her, saying, so low that no one heard it,

"I wish you much joy."

The wedding supper over, by previous invitation, the young people of the neighborhood began to drop in, to celebrate, in country fashion, their young friends' nuptials.

And a right merry evening they had. Jim threw off his usual austerity, and Kate, who having been much with an aunt in the place, was well known, joined heartily in the general gaiety.

Apples and nuts were freely passed, and the health of the bride was drunk in sweet new cider—quite as good as more fashionable champagne, if people only thought so!

The mother of the young couple sat in a quiet corner, watching the proceedings, and looking more hopeful than for many a previous month.

"It may turn out all right," she said to herself. "Surely Kate looks well to-night."

She did indeed. Her bold black eyes were softer than usual, and her cheeks were flushed with excitement, while a gay play set off her tall figure to advantage.

Half the fellows envied Jim his good luck, while others stood a little aloof, saying, "But she has an awful temper though." "And mighty stung, if report says true"—She'll turn them round her finger!"

If Mary heard any of this talk, as a quick flush seemed to indicate, she wisely kept her own counsel.

So at a late hour the guests departed, well pleased with their evening's entertainment, and wishing long life and happiness to the groom and his bride.

For a time all went well. Getting married improves most men, as it did Jim—at least during the honeymoon. His roughness seemed to be smoothed a little, and the gentler, more generous traits of his character were brought out. His mother began to feel that she had a son. Mary and Sue that they had, after all, a brother.

Let those who have such power over the stern nature of man, to soften and subdue, beware how they let it slip.

Gradually, insensibly at first, Kate's authority began to be felt in the house, changing here, ordering there, finding fault with that, and directing her mother like a child, enforcing rules of neatness or behaviour upon the sisters—till the genial atmosphere of home grew chilly.

"Sue," she said, one day, "I'm going to change my room for yours, for it's twice as pleasant. The little bedroom on the back of the house is good enough for you and Mary. You may go right up now, and be moving your things out."

Susan's eye flashed. To be turned out of the dear old room she had used all her life, in this way!

"Indeed, Kate, I can't give my room up."

"Can't you, indeed? Whose house is this? Not a penny's worth of it can you claim, you wixen. Jim told me this morning you were to do as I bid you—so go along."

Her lips moved to reply, but she thought— "No, no, you will suffer enough. I'll spare my anger, for mother's sake."

So hushing the wild tumult within, she went to Mary, saying,

"Kate would like our room Mary; don't you think we can spare it? The bedroom is pretty small, but I'll try to get along with it if you will."

Mary looked inquiringly at her, to see if she were really in earnest, but her voice did not falter, and the quivering lips were unnoticed, for Mary was not gifted with very keen perception, so she answered,

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. Kate will think hard if we don't oblige her."

But it was a trial to both of them, and they hardly spoke, as to another, the little adornments of their cherished room were removed and packed away—they had no place for them now—as a remembrance of what had been.

One afternoon, Mary and Susan had been at work for a little while in the garden, weeding some favorite plants.

Now if there was anything that Kate despised, it was flowers. Dahlias, hollyhocks, sunflowers, might do, but "this little trash" she scorned even to give a place to grow in.

As the girls came in, she began,

"You won't be troubled so much with your garden another year, young ladies."

"Why not, pray?" said Sue.

"I'll show you next spring, and now I'm talking, I may as well say that I think it about time you girls were doing something for yourselves in the world. Jim and I were speaking about it last night, and he said, just as I did, that you were not needed here, and you might as well be away."

"Not quite so hard, Kate," said Jim, coming in, "but I do think it would be just as well for the girls to be earning something—and he blushed at his own selfishness."

"Well, give me some money and I will go," said Sue, proudly. "Only enough to get away with."

"Earn your own money," returned Kate. "There Mrs. B.—wants a girl to do sewing—she said so, yesterday."

Sue waited to hear no more, but ran to her mother's room, nor stopped till her head was buried in her comforting lap.

That night the question of going away was discussed between the mother and daughters, frankly and fully.

Sue's mind was made up to go—what where? Her long cherished scheme of school, which of late she had almost given up, now again occupied her thoughts.

"Don't you think it can be managed some way, mother? I am starving for want of knowledge, and I am as well well educated I could easily support myself by teaching."

"I can think of but one plan, my dear. Lizzie Moore was speaking, the other day, of a lady, living near the Academy at B—, who wished to find a young girl who might assist her mornings and evenings, and go to school. Perhaps you could get that place. But this pains me, my child."

"Write to her, mother, do write!"

Mary, for herself, decided either to go out sewing, or to do general housework, still remaining near home; for, she said,

"I can look after mother a little, then."

"Thanks for your kind thought, sister," said Sue, "and now let's be happy!"

And she wheeled her mother's chair around to the window, and began chatting away so merrily that soon they all seemed to have quite forgotten their former conversation.

It was now the middle of August. By the first of September their proposed plans had been consummated; Sue was at school, twenty miles away, and Mary at work for a rich lady, in the neighborhood. She went home frequently, and finding her mother better cared for than formerly, was reconciled to the seemingly hard fate that drove her thence.

Nor was her fate so much harder than that of many a New England girl of the common class, whose parents, feeling inadequate to their support, send them forth to earn their own living—except in the feeling of home sympathy that she had not.

"I promise you, mother shall be well used, so long as you girls are gone," said James to her, one morning, as she was leaving the house—and the sisters were satisfied.

Severe, oft times, were the labors imposed upon them, yet it is pleasant to feel one's own independence, and they were much happier than they could have been at home.

After a while there came a note to Mary—signed "Kate."

Its entreaty she could not resist, so she went to her.

Butcher's Hymns.

We were in a prayer-meeting, recently, where an effort was made to sing that beautiful hymn, "Rock of Ages." Only one verse was attempted, but even that could not be intelligible sung. The last four lines, especially, were badly "messed up," that is, it seemed as if the hymn was written in some language the hymn was written. The fault was not with those who sang. The hymn having been commenced without the formality of referring to books, each gave it from memory, and each used that version which happened to be familiar. Thus, while some sang

"Let the water and the blood, From thy side a healing flood,"

others made the second of these two lines

"From thy wounded side that flowed, Some were singing

"Be of sin the double cure,"

while others sang

"Be of sin the perfect cure."

A desperate effort was made to agree on the last line, but it failed:

"Save from wrath and make me pure," sang some; and others

"Save me, Lord, and make me pure."

Thus one of the most beautiful hymns in the language has been absolutely spoiled by some body who presumed to think himself competent to improve the original. Unfortunately, this is but one instance out of a multitude.

In that singular book, "The Pilgrimage of Adam and David," by Gallagher, the writer towards the close represents the evil spirits in council. The sacred song most used in the device means by which to most effectively hinder the progress of the Gospel, which was giving them great alarm. At length one of them, Belial we think it is—the most cunning of the whole, at all events—proposes that they instigate certain persons, whose vanity makes them fit subjects for such a temptation, to alter the hymns of the sacred song most used in the "social worship." They might thus hope to turn this part of the exercises on such occasions into unintelligible jargon. Satan, we know, always

"trembles when he sees

The weakest saint upon his knees."

It is fair to suppose, therefore, that he especially hates prayer-meetings, and we might easily imagine that nothing would please him better than to have these gatherings thus made powerless. Should a similar Council of Devils be held about this time, we think that Belial will be justified in reporting that the work is done; for our best hymns are unquestionably ruined. Who knows, now, whether to sing

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"

or

"Jesus, refuge of my soul,"

or

"Jesus, Savior of my soul."

Some would have us give Bishop Heber's hymn as he wrote it,

Shall we whose souls are lighted

By wisdom from on high—

Shall we to men be lighted

The lamp of life deny?

But somebody else fancies it an improvement to put *men* in the place of *shall*; in which we differ from him, on *et cetera*, see below.

Perhaps our readers would like to see one of these hymn-butcherers at his work. "The Every-Day Philosopher" has sketched him handsomely.

"Once upon a time," he says, "I entered a steamer which was wont to ply upon the waters of a certain noble river that winds between the hills. And entering that bark, I beheld a certain friend, seated on the quarter-deck, with a little volume in his hand. I never saw a man look more entirely satisfied with himself than did my friend as he turned over the leaves of his little volume in a hasty, skipping fashion; and jauntily scribbled here and there with a pencil. I beheld him in silence for a time, and then, what on earth he was doing. 'Oh,' said he, 'I am a member of the Committee appointed by the Great Council to prepare a new book of hymns to be sung throughout the churches of this country. And this little volume is a proof copy of the hymns suggested; and a copy of it will be sent to each member of the Committee to receive his emendation. I, as you see, I am beguiling my time while sailing down this river by improving these hymns.'

"In this easy manner did my friend scribble whatever alterations might casually suggest themselves, upon the best compositions of the best hymn writers. Slowly and laboriously had the authors written those hymns, carefully weighing each word, and weighing each word, perhaps for a very long time. But in the pauses of conversation, with no serious thought whatsoever, but willing to testify how much better he knew what a hymn should be than the best authors of that kind of literature, did my friend set down his random thoughts. 'Give me a hymn,' said I, 'and I will not small indignation. He gave it to me, and I proceeded to examine his improvements. And I can honestly say that not merely was every alteration for the worse, but that many of the alterations testified my friend's utter ignorance of the very first principles of metrical composition; and that all of them testified the extreme narrowness of his acquaintance with this species of literature. Some of the verses, as altered by him, were astonishing specimens of rhythm. The only thing I ever saw which equalled them was a stanza by a local poet, very zealous for the observance of the Lord's day. Here is the stanza:

"Ye that keep horses, read Psalm 50; To win money on the Sabbath day, see that ye be never so thrifty."

Will not somebody make a hymn book in which the sacred songs we all love shall be restored to their original form, where it can be ascertained; then will not all Christian people send the books now in use to Jericho, and universally adopt that where no hymn-butcherer is indulged? A distinguished clergyman of this city is understood to be engaged in preparing a new collection. We respectfully ask his attention to this subject.—*Christian Times*.

"CAPITAL FUN."

It was a little past twelve o'clock, and a merry group of boys were seated on the young grass, under the trees that shaded the Academy grounds. A little later, and they would be scattered in every direction at their play; but for the moment, they were content with the well filled pails and baskets where their dainties are stored away.

"I should like to know," said Howard Colby, "why Joe Green never comes out here to eat his dinner with the rest of us, but always sneaks off somewhere till we all get through?"

"Guess he brings so many goodies, he is afraid we shall rob him," said another.

"Pooh!" said Will Brown, "throwing himself back upon the grass, "more likely he doesn't bring anything at all. I heard my father say the family must be badly pinched since Mr. Green was killed; and mother said she didn't pity them, for folks had no business to be so poor and proud."

"Well," said Merrill, "I know Mary Green asked my mother to let her have her plain sewing to do; but then folks do that sometimes, that are not very poor."

"And Joe is wearing his winter clothes all this warm weather, and his pants are patched behind; I saw them," said Howard Colby, with a very complacent look at his new spring suit of light gray.

"Let's look to-morrow, and see what the old fellow does bring, any way. You know he is always in his seat by the time the first bell rings, and we can get a peep into his basket, and then be in season for the roll-call."

The boys agreed to this, all but Ned Collins, who had sat quietly eating his dinner, and taken no part in the conversation. Now he simply remarked, as he brushed the crumbs from his lap, "I can't see what fun there will be in that, and it looks real mean and sneaking to me. I'm sure it's none of our business what Joe brings for dinner, or where he goes to eat it."

"You're always such a grumpy, Ned Collins," said Will Brown, contemptuously.

"You've got every one of your old aunt Sally's notions."

Ned could not bear to be laughed at, and it made him a little angry to hear his kind old aunt sneered at, but his eyes only flashed for a minute, and then he sprang up, shouting, "Hurrah, boys, for foot-ball!" and in five minutes the whole play-ground was in an uproar of fun and frolic.

The next morning, at the first stroke of the bell, a half-dozen roughish fellows peeped into the school-room, and, sure enough, there was Joe Green, busily plying his pencil over the problems of the algebra lesson. It was but the work of an instant to hurry into the little classroom, and soon the whole group were pressing around Will Brown, as he held the mysterious basket in his hand. Among them, in spite of the remonstrance of yesterday, was Ned Collins, with his fine face fairly crimson with shame, or something else; we shall see.

"It's big enough to hold a day's rations for a regiment," said Harry Colby, as Will pulled out a nice white napkin. Next came a whole newspaper, a large one; and then, in a very bottom of the basket, was a *poor little old potato*. That was all. Will held it up with a comical grimace, and the boys laughed and cheered as loudly as they dared in the school-house.

"See here," said Howard, "let's throw it away, and fill the basket with coal and things; it will be such fun to bin people."

The boys agreed, and the basket was soon filled, and before the bell commenced tolling, they were on their way down stairs.

Ned Collins was the last one to leave the room, and no sooner did the last head disappear, than, quick as a flash, he emptied the old, would-be-hurry them to the grave in a very short time. We remember to have heard of a neighbor in early youth named Hume. He was a great miser and very rich. He was apparently at the point of death. All his broad and fertile acres had been disposed of, and he ceased to dictate to his lawyer, who, however, he had a large amount of silver and gold in his house, said to him after a pause: "Well, Mr. Hume, what disposition will you make of your money?" "My money! do you expect me to give away my money? I will not do it; and summoning to himself what under the circumstances, seemed to be a superhuman energy, he rose from his bed, dressed himself, broke the spell of disease, and lived some years afterward to advocate the making of his hats, as they would not soon wear out.

Of two persons having consumption, with apparently equal chances of life, the man who abandons himself to his fate, hugs the fire, and is afraid to stir out of doors lest he should take cold, inevitably dies in a short time; the other, having force of character, indomitable determination, and a truer philosophy, considers that life is worth striving for, that he

can but die any how, and braving all winds and weathers, fights courageously against his enemy, and lives to be an old man. So it is in some forms of pauperism, ruminating, and other disablenes, the exercise of a true philosophy is manifested in brave resolves to live down disease, to live above it, and by sheer force of will to break the spell which was thrown over the succumbing body; thus the mind may, and often does become a power over human maladies more efficient than the most famed medicines of the apothecary.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

ANECDOTE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Mr. S. F. B. Morse relates, in the *Journal of Commerce*, this characteristic anecdote of Queen Victoria of England:

"I was in London in 1838, and was present with my excellent friend the late Charles R. Leslie, R. A., at the imposing ceremonies of the coronation of the Queen, in Westminster Abbey. He then related to me the following incident, which, I think, may truly be said to have been the first act of her reign: When her predecessor, William IV., died, a messenger was immediately dispatched by his Queen (then become, by his death, Queen Dowager), to Victoria, apprising her of the event. She immediately called for paper, and invited a letter of condolence to the widow. Folding it, she directed it 'To the Queen of England.' Her maid of honor in attendance, noticing the inscription, said: 'Your Majesty, you are Queen of England.' Yes," she replied, 'but the widow Queen is not to be reminded of that fact first, by me.'

"Thus, indeed, is but one of the many incidents illustrative of that delicate consideration for the feelings of others, for which she is personally distinguished. She no longer wonders at that manifestation of enthusiasm, which the mere mention of the name of their Queen excites in English breasts. It is not so much the throne as the personal